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INDORSEMENT OF LA FOLLETTE AND WHEELER by the American Federation of Labor means more than appears in the cautious words of the Federation's statement. It means that the Old Guard in the Federation is weakening. The younger forces in the ranks, including the leaders of half a dozen of the largest unions, demanded support of the third-party ticket, and, despite a veil of traditional phrases, they got it. Labor has officially indorsed the new party's leaders and its platform (with a mild and obscure reservation on international affairs). The Old Guard was strong enough to reiterate the historic policy of the Federation not to support any political party as such—but where is the difference if the Federation can denounce both old parties and support the program and candidates of the new? When the Federation meets at El Paso after the election there will be time enough to discuss further the question of a labor party for America. Meanwhile the most conservative labor body in the world has gone on record that "Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wheeler have throughout their whole political careers stood steadfast in the defense of the rights and interests of the wage-earners and farmers" and will put the force of its organization behind the effort to make its three million members active workers for La Follette.

FIVE MEXICANS are killed every month in the United States—at least that is the average of a six-year record. Mexico has not therefore broken diplomatic relations, demanded apologies and indemnities, or filled the front pages with scare headlines. Mexico is small and weak, and we are large and strong. So whenever one American or Englishman is killed in Mexico we are faced by an "international incident." The recent murder of Mrs. Evans, the Texan widow of an Englishman whose spirited—and violent—defense of her ranch against nationalization was at the bottom of the British-Mexican incident of a few weeks ago, ought not to create more international excitement than the death of a Polish miner at the hands of a Pennsylvania mine guard.

EUROPE HAS DECLARED PEACE—that seems to be the momentous outcome of the London Conference. It may really be a momentous outcome despite the discouraging record of successive peace declarations which have come out of Europe since the peaceless Peace of Versailles was signed more than five years ago. For this time peace exists not merely in the ink on the documents but in the hearts of the men who hold the pens. That is the achievement of Ramsay MacDonald. He has been more eager to create a pacific atmosphere in Europe than to win a political advantage at home, and his patient effort has gone far to do away with the hate and distrust which have made the previous peace formulas mere scraps of paper. It still remains true that good intentions are not enough, and it is possible that, in his desire to calm French opinion, Mr. MacDonald and the Americans who have worked with him have gone further along the path of compromise than will prove wise. The program which emerges is a Dawes Plan made more stringent to please the French, and the original Dawes Plan was harsh enough. The revised plan, while providing a number of intermediate stages, leaves the French with a final possibility of independent action. This, in view of the fact that many experts consider the Dawes schedules of payments beyond Germany's real capacity, may prove serious. The bankers, however, profess themselves satisfied with the safeguards provided, and the stage is set for application of the plan.

AMERICA'S PART IN EUROPE'S AFFAIRS promises to be increasingly large. The plan upon which Europe will work is known as the Dawes Plan, after the American chairman of the international commission which devised it; an American will sit, "unofficially" but none the less effectively, on the Reparation Commission when it adjudges default; an American will, again "unofficially," be the Agent General of Reparations, and another will be trustee of the holders of the German loan bonds; and these two will sit on the powerful Transfer Committee, which will decide how much cash reparations will be paid to the Allies. Essentially, Americans will become the umpires of Europe. The Americans chosen will be big-business men, with the abilities and narrownesses of the type, and their action will be an acid test of the international statesmanship which American business life can produce. They will act not as official agents of our Government, speaking as representatives of our national interests, but as private citizens, with the good-will and cooperation of our Government but in no

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sense committing it by their actions. They will be trusted because it is believed that Americans have an aloofness and impartiality which those who have been plunged into the maelstrom of European politics must have lost. And thereby our "return to Europe" is itself a vindication of the aloofness from Europe's politics which has been our policy since the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles.

WHILE MACDONALD AND HERRIOT were conferring in London troubles were accumulating behind their backs. The shadow of Poincaré has overcast Herriot's mind ever since he took office, and neither on the Ruhr nor on domestic questions such as the amnesty law has he acted as a free man. MacDonald has imperial worries. The Sudan question has stirred Egyptian opinion as it has not been stirred since peace-conference days, and Premier Zaghlul is on his way to London to seek an understanding. Egypt, which has provided and paid for the bulk of the army which has kept the Sudan quiet, is not satisfied with the present status of the "condominium" in which she shares the name but not the reality of rule. For England the Cape-to-Cairo route is at stake, and with it a measure of imperial prestige; there is the usual white-man's-burden claim of solicitude for the natives; and the British capitalists who have invested in cotton developments dependent upon the new irrigation projects are of course active. Still nearer home Ireland is demanding action in fulfilment of the treaty. This treaty called for a boundary commission to adjust the Ulster frontier, but Ulster, defiant as ever, will not even appoint a member of such a commission. Ulster did not sign the treaty and has a technical point in its favor; but the honor of three British governments—one led by a Liberal, one by a Tory, and one by a Laborite—is pledged to execution of the treaty. It is a hard nut to crack; and unless MacDonald finds some way to crack it civil war is likely to return to Ireland.

JUST BEFORE ITS SUMMER RECESS the United States Supreme Court handed down a significant opinion clarifying its previous rulings in regard to labor unions and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. In the Coronado Coal Company case the Supreme Court had decided that a labor union could be sued as such, but it held that the particular strike involved in that case was not in restraint of trade because the output of the mines affected was so small as not to influence prices in interstate competition. The court did not make it clear, however, whether the strike would have been held a violation of the Sherman law if the output of the mines had been greater. This zone of doubt has now been clarified. In the case of United Leather Workers *vs.* Herkert Meisel Trunk Co., decided on June 9, the court ruled that a strike, even when attended by an illegal picketing campaign, would not be held to be a violation of the anti-trust law unless it appeared that the strikers intended not only to curtail the production of articles destined for interstate commerce but also to monopolize the supply of the product or to control its price or to discriminate between its would-be purchasers.

THE MERE FACT OF A STRIKE for increased wages or more desirable working conditions seemed to the court too remote from the stream of interstate commerce to be considered an intent to violate the Sherman law. This decision is further fortified by the court's reference to the Coronado case as having by implication decided the same question. For years it has been the aim of those who have ably and industriously attempted to apply the Sherman law against labor unions to persuade the Supreme Court to declare illegal any substantial labor-union activity curtailing production in a business the product of which subsequently entered interstate trade. This latest decision of the Supreme Court (Chief Justice Taft wrote the opinion) seems definitely to close the door to that attempt. In late years labor unions have received substantial setbacks at the hands of the Supreme Court; fortunately there seems to be a limit.

HEAVEN BE PRAISED that civilization leaves the cramped and exploited American Negroes their precious gift of pageantry! The Universal African Legion, the Universal Police, and the Royal African Guards of Marcus Garvey's parade in New York last week may be porters and elevator boys in daily life, but they look like potentates. The strictly Nordic shoe clerks and realtors of the Loyal Order of Moose, by contrast, who solemnly sidled up Fifth Avenue the same week in many military kinds of uniforms, looked like a legion of porters and elevator operators. Universal Negro Improvers march and play band instruments better than the loyal Moose ever will. On the platform of Carnegie Hall the colored men wear more gorgeous academic hoods than even the hypothetical winner of H. L. Mencken's contest in university degrees. Garvey's own red and green cockade is an important symbol to followers of this man who combines imposture so incomprehensibly with conviction. One pictures him and his band, when they have completed the conquest of Africa of which they dream, patronizing their primitive cousins intolerably. Much as one admires the ingenious ethnology of their demonstration that Jesus had Negro blood, it is hard not to regret that they have kept the white man's god in all but color.

NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS before the American fliers hopped off from Iceland for the inhospitable shores of Greenland, Eric the Red, father of Leif Ericson, set out on the same route. For the American fliers it is a trip of a few hours; Eric the Red sailed in his open viking ship for days and weeks. The Americans had compasses and maps; Eric had neither, and no destroyers patrolled the sea to save him and his comrades from mishap. Of the twenty-five ships with which he set sail only fourteen ever saw the shores of Greenland. Greenland then was probably a greener, gentler country than today, as Poul Nörlund tells in his amazing story of Greenland's Buried Past (printed elsewhere in this issue), but it was a stern enough venture to set out from the hot springs of Iceland for a country which even at its warmest never supported a man-size tree. The civilization which Eric founded there lasted five centuries—longer than our post-Columbian culture on this continent—and then faded out as the little brown Eskimos advanced southward and the Norse ships ceased coming. But if those heroes whose bones the Danish archaeologists are only today dislodging from the frozen soil of Greenland could wake to see the airmen drop down into Greenland's harbors, doubtless they would toss back their viking locks and cry, "Skoal, brothers!"

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Sword-Rattling

PLAYING with soldiers is a poor sport, for children or for grown-ups. It is a particularly dangerous sport for the responsible heads of nations. "Mobilization days" and "defense tests" are a kind of playing with soldiers. It does not matter very much whether civilians are called away from their pacific occupations or whether the show is confined to the professional soldiers and the semi-soldiers who spend their vacations in training camps—the reserve officers, national guardsmen, and such; the business of parading uniforms and guns, emphasis on the fact that we have the greatest potential military strength of any nation on earth, is bad business. It ought to be stopped, and we believe that the common-sense of the American people, stirred by the outspoken protests of Governors Baxter, Bryan, Sweet, and Blaine, will put an end to it.

There are indications that official Washington is already beginning to back water. President Coolidge himself, although he has made himself official sponsor for the "defense test," eagerly claimed that it was not a "mobilization." His letter to Frederick Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, in fact, makes that point three times. The letter showed, to be sure, only that President Coolidge did not know what was in the minds and official publications of his own military advisers. The War Department junkers, as Mr. Libby's reply showed, wanted a "test mobilization"; they hoped, on September 12, to give a triumphant display of the military forces of this nation. They intended to call the militia out of offices and factories, and, wherever possible, to assemble civilian volunteer units. Three days after the President's letter, when the War Department issued its official order to the corps area commanders, it still stated:

> It is the intention primarily to have a test mobilization of all active units of the Regular Army, all units of the National Guard, and the organized reserves. . . . The event will not only provide instruction for persons in the military service, but will also afford opportunity for patriotic assemblies, parades of local units of the army, State guards and constabularies, civic and veteran societies, reserve officers' training corps, schools, etc., accordingly as may be developed in each locality. . . . Subject to certain modifications . . . the test mobilization will be conducted in accordance with the prescribed regulations governing the mobilization of man-power for military purposes and basic plan, War Department mobilization, 1923.

That order impressively reveals, beyond any question, the intention of the War Department to have a mobilization.

What is a mobilization? We have just had an impressive reminder. Ten years ago Europe mobilized, and from the moment of its mobilization war was inevitable. Of course the War Department's play with soldiers in September, 1924, will have no such dread effects as the Czar's general mobilization order in July, 1914. But Europe, still bleeding from the consequences of those mobilizations of ten years ago, can only interpret our war-games in the light of the war-games with which its military leaders—prattling of peace then as fluently as our Mr. Weeks and our generals today—developed Europe's readiness for war in the decades preceding the cataclysm. Is America so ready to follow our example, Europe must ask. Konrad von Hoetzendorff, commander-in-chief of Austria's armies in the war, has already hailed the omen.

What does Mobilization Day mean if it does not mean a desire to excite the American people and make them readier for military enterprises? Secretary Hughes did not have this day in mind, but his words were significant, when he said before the National Institute of Social Sciences last May:

> In respect to our international relations it is important that we should appreciate the fortunate position we hold and govern our conduct accordingly. . . . So far as we can see into the future we are safe from the slightest danger of aggression. . . . We know that in no Power or possible combination of Powers lies any menace to our security. . . . There is no occasion to indicate our proper authority, for no one challenges it. There is no reason to demonstrate our ability to take care of ourselves, for no one doubts it.

No, this is no time for such a show as the War Department proposes. It is, as John W. Davis says, "a time when every energy should be bent to getting the world back to peace and to work, [redacted] prejudices and passions growing out of the World War and encouraging fruitful trade and commerce." It is, as Governor Blaine, La Follette's lieutenant in Wisconsin, says, "a time when all people of the civilized nations of the world are demanding a reduction in armaments both on land and on sea," and at such a time Governor Blaine is indisputably right in insisting that "it is inadvisable for the American Government through propaganda and demonstration to stimulate a national military movement." To utilize a day which is almost the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne for a nation-wide military show is a blow at the heart of America and at the heart of the world.

We need appeasement. We need lessons in peace rather than war. We emphatically do not need such hysterical suggestions as are put out in the military propaganda:

> An enemy is coming. Scout aviators report huge air transports, giant planes bigger than anything conceived of today, preparing to hop off from foreign shores with thousands of men and tons of ammunition and arms.

This is a time for propaganda for disarmament, not for armament. There is work enough to be done in Washington if we had there an administration which really had peace as its goal. Eight years ago, on July 19, 1916, Robert La Follette stood up in the Senate of the United States and spoke these words, which ring as true today as in those days before we abandoned our neutrality and attempted to settle the problems of the world by force, by a mobilization which was more than a test mobilization. La Follette said then (and he stands for the same things now):

> *Let us prepare the manhood and the womanhood of our country for the struggles of peace: more compensation for the industrial soldiers who fall by the wayside by reason of the hazards of their occupations; more compensation to their widows and children; pensions for the aged and infirm who have failed in the struggle of life to gain a pittance against old age or misfortune; more wages; more education; more money for the common good; more money to fight contagious diseases. This is the preparedness toward which we should turn. We should spend less to prepare to kill and more to prepare to live.*

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The Tariff-Commission Scandal

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has done well to call attention to the scandalous condition of affairs in the Tariff Commission so far as the sugar report is concerned, and we trust that Mr. Davis also will help during the campaign to rouse the public to the way that body has been controlled or blocked by representatives of the interests affected by the tariff graft. The commission has been hamstrung for months; its personnel is evenly divided between those who believe that public office is a public trust and those who think that they are on the commission in order to serve private interests; several of the latter are obviously disqualified to sit in important matters because they or their families have a financial stake in the tariff schedules under study; and although this situation has been known to President Coolidge since he has been in the White House—he has repeatedly been approached about it by party leaders and business men—he has had neither the courage nor the rectitude to deal with the scandal. More than that, every effort is being made to get rid of the excellent chairman of the commission, Mr. W. S. Culbertson (the latest suggestion being that he be "kicked upstairs" into the Mexican Embassy), in order that his sense of duty and simple honesty shall not stand in the way of the interests, notably the sugar interests.

We confess to a temptation to say "we told you so"; we pointed out when it was constituted that the Tariff Commission could and would come to nothing, and that the protected interests which have for so long owned the Republican Party and a good part of the Democratic were content with this device only because they felt sure that they could control it. Indeed, while ostensibly agreeing to the proposal that this new body should have the power to reduce as well as to raise tariff rates, their real idea was, we believe, to use it to get more tariff graft for themselves without the bother, difficulty, and danger of going to Congress for it. So far they have been eminently justified in their confidence, for in the two years that have elapsed since the Fordney tariff went into effect the commission has lowered just one rate, which affected the cost of living not of human beings but of certain horned cattle!

Although a program of basic inquiries into some of the important schedules was laid out by the commission virtually nothing has been done to carry it out. Only in the matter of sugar has there been any threat to the tariff privileged, and thus far that industry has succeeded in warding off action. This has been chiefly due to the fact that President Harding appointed to the commission three interested men. One, Mr. Marvin, was secretary to the notorious Home Market Club in Boston and is utterly opposed to reduction of any schedule whatever. Another, Mr. Burgess, was an officer of the United States Pottery Association and had served as the recognized lobbyist for that industry when the tariff bills of 1909, 1913, and 1919 were drawn. The pottery industry enjoys a 70 per cent duty. Not unnaturally, when the commission voted a year ago for a preliminary inquiry into conditions in the chinaware and pottery trades, Mr. Burgess voted against the proposal. The third member appointed by President Harding, Mr. Grassie, is related by marriage to the great Louisiana sugar family of Caffery. The latter fact moved Congress at its last session to suspend the salary of Mr. Grassie if he sat in connection with sugar. For weeks it has been known that the sugar inquiry ordered by the commission has been completed. One word from Calvin Coolidge would have given it to the public, but that one word has not been spoken. Indeed as the term of one of the unbiased members of the commission has expired there is much eagerness to see whether our Chief Executive will reappoint him or give his job to some other henchman of the protected interests.

Since the passage of the Fordney-McCumber tariff the commission has been asked to act upon the rates on 168 different commodities. Of these applications, twelve have been denied any investigation, sixty-two are "pending," which means that nothing has been done about them although the list includes the most vital commodities. In twenty cases informal inquiries were undertaken and then suspended; fifteen cases were not investigated because, although the article was protected, there was no production of it in this country—a magnificent swindle on the public! William Hard declares that of the remaining commodities fifty-nine are shelved and forty-six are under investigation, only three final reports being ready in addition to that on sugar. Such is the result of the determination to "regulate" the tariff by "scientific inquiry" and scientific adjustment to the country's needs.

All of which is additional proof of the curse the tariff lays upon the whole country; the only way to end the graft and scandal is to break down the whole tariff structure. That will come to pass in due time as it should have years ago; there can be no such freedom for the American citizen as Mr. La Follette calls for until the tariff is rooted out. It remains the greatest source of corruption in our national life and the chief citadel of privilege and of corrupt big business.

As Students See It

EDUCATION, it has been said, is about the only thing that we pay for and then try to get as little of as possible. If this is true—and, largely, it is—there must be something wrong with our methods, because an appetite for knowledge is as general in all normal youth as an appetite for food. Appreciation of this is leading to a vast pother in our day on the subject of education, some aspects of which have been considered in Agnes de Lima's articles in *The Nation*. Naturally most of the new ideas in regard to education emanate from teachers and other persons professionally concerned with the subject. Our attention has been called to some suggestions coming from the victims themselves—dealing, to be sure, with the later stages of the process. The president of Dartmouth College, after appointing a faculty committee to report on advisable changes in educational policy and method, had the happy thought to get a similar report from students. He asked twelve undergraduates to make a serious study of the subject, arranging to let the work count as the equivalent of one college course.

The students, in their conclusions in regard to methods of instruction, begin thus:

> The chief indictment against the present method of teaching is that the student is forced into a passive rather than an active attitude. The criterion of passing is his ability to absorb, retain, and regurgitate on the proper occasions about 50 per cent of the information the instructor sees fit to include in his course, together with the latter's

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supposedly authoritative commentary thereon. The student is pitifully dependent upon the instructor for information or for directions as to how to get it. . . . Is the culture and intellectual interest of college graduates meager? Do they forget and lose interest in the things they encountered in college? If so, is it not because they were spoon-fed there, and now that the manipulator of the spoon is no longer present they go hungry, never having been shown how to open the cupboards in the pantry nor even the location of the pantry itself?

In suggesting changes the student critics at Dartmouth begin with a drastic recommendation for the virtual abolition of lectures, which have "degenerated into an attempt at mass education, and the classroom, which has tended to become an arena for academic inquisitions and student bluffings."

> In order to make the acquisition of the necessary information the concern of the student rather than of the instructor, lectures would be almost entirely abandoned. It is more desirable that the student should dig out his information from books than that he should take in a professorially predigested account of it. An exception may be made in courses where demonstrations and experiments by the lecturer are of particular value and assistance, as, for example, in physics. Attendance at such lectures should be voluntary; the lectures should be offered to the students to make clear things that would otherwise be difficult to understand. If they prove helpful, the students will attend. Another exception may be made in the case of instructors who, by their grasp of the subject and their personality, can make lectures illuminating and inspiring. By all means let them lecture, bringing their personal point of view to bear on subjects already familiar to the students through their reading in the course. Here, also, attendance should be voluntary.

In place of lectures there would be assignments by topic or question, to be the work of a week or more.

> In some few cases it might be necessary to tell the student just what and how much to read in preparation, but more often the instructor would merely designate, in general, available sources of material and let the student select from them what and how much he will. This will mean more work for the student and probably some confusion at times, but he will learn to choose for himself in the matter of reading. It will turn his attention to the topic as such and away from an assignment of so many pages.

In regard to classes, the students recommend small groups—five to ten each—meeting once a week for discussion with the instructor. They also suggest certain regular office hours for instructors when students might consult them, and they advocate written work in the form of short assigned papers.

Dartmouth's student critics say of the existing method of testing students through daily quizzes and frequent hour examinations that it "fails miserably in its purpose in most cases and succeeds only moderately well in others." The daily quiz, the students declare, is a check but a hopelessly inadequate one except in elementary science courses, and it "puts a premium on superficiality or the ability to memorize and retain irrelevant material for a few short hours." In place of the daily quiz a program of periodic papers of an exhaustive nature is recommended.

We shall wait with interest to learn what teachers think of these suggestions. To us they seem as hopeful as any that have appeared.

Conrad and His Fame

JOSEPH CONRAD had the rare good fortune to please many classes and, as a result, when he died in England on August 3 the measure of his fame was probably fuller than that of any other writer of the English language except Rudyard Kipling. Others had achieved at least an equal measure of critical approval, and still others had sold their works in greater numbers, but only in the author of "The Jungle Book" and "Gunga Din" was equal popularity combined with an equal weight of critical approval. People to whom Hardy would have been dull had they ever read him and Shaw completely incomprehensible devoured Conrad with delight. Nor had, apparently, his fame reached its peak. He had just returned from a trip to America where he had been greeted like a conquering hero and his latest novel, though one of his least distinguished, had been treated as an assured best seller.

The secret lay, perhaps, in the multiplicity of his qualities. We speak sometimes of the one touch of nature or of some other trait which is supposed to enlist the interest of all mankind. But when all unite to admire the same work it is usually true that the poet and the peasant pay honor to the same author not because they see the same thing but because they see two different things. So it was with Conrad. It is true that the sea has a universal charm and that he treated this age-old charm in a peculiarly modern manner. But while the critics admired him for the subtlety of his style and for the color of the darkly brooding spirit there revealed, his great popular audience found in him simpler things—adventure, the appeal to racial solidarity, red blood—so that to some, it may be said, he was not much more than a fellow to Jack London, or even Robert W. Service.

Fortunately for him his qualities as a writer and the convictions of his mind nowhere came into open conflict with the ideals of his time. He may have been, as Mr. Mencken makes him out, a fit companion in his pessimism for Theodore Dreiser and it may be that

> In the midst of the hysterical splutterings and battle-cries of the Kiplings and the Chestertons, the booming pedagogics of the Wellses and the Shaws, and the smirking key-holes of the Bennetts and the de Morgans, he stands apart and almost alone, observing the sardonic comedy of man with an eye that sees every point and significance of it, but vouchsafing none of that sophomoric indignation, that Hyde Park wisdom, that flabby moralizing which freight and swamp the modern English novel.

But the fact is not so obvious as to prevent Mr. Phelps from leading his little flock to Conrad because his books "are based on the axiom of the moral law." And at least the great public could read him as it could not read Hardy or Shaw or Anatole France and get something from him without disturbing either its optimism or its moral ideas. It was his fortune either that he had no quarrel with his generation, or at least that the generation did not know that he had. Probably his name will go down as one of the important writers of our generation, but it is not likely that he will retain the preeminence which he holds in the minds of the great masses of readers. For though he outdistanced in popular estimation certain other great figures, it was not because of enduring artistry.

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La Follette in Wisconsin

By ARTHUR WARNER

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE began his political career with a fight against the local Republican boss. He has been fighting bosses ever since, until forty-five years later finds him fighting all the bosses of both the Republican and the Democratic parties in his candidacy for President of the United States.

In 1880 he was twenty-five years old, recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin, just admitted to the bar, and penniless. He had a mother and sister to support, and was engaged to be married. The job of district attorney of Dane County—paying $800 a year and $50 for expenses—looked good to him. So he went out among the farmers, asking for their votes and never imagining that anything else was necessary. He had not gone far before he was asked to call upon the Republican county boss. The boss told him who the next district attorney would be. The name did not begin with "L."

"I intend," replied the young man, "to go on with this canvass; and I intend to be elected district attorney of Dane County."

He was.

Four years later he decided to run for Congress, and again went out to talk with the farmers. Again he was called to account by the bosses.

"Don't you know," he was told, "that there hasn't been a Congressman nominated for fifteen years who hasn't had our support?"

"I know of no reason why I should consult you," replied La Follette. "I've been out in the country consulting the people, and I'm going to consult a good many more."

"Well, young man, you can't go to Congress."

"I think I can."

He did.

Characteristically, he went even *before his term began.* The Congress to which he had been elected did not meet until December, 1885. La Follette went to Washington in the January previous, and attended the sessions of the closing Congress regularly in order to learn the ropes. Senator Sawyer, then the chief power of Wisconsin in Congress, took a fancy to the young man and asked him upon what committee he would like to serve. La Follette wanted to make use of his legal training, and named the Committee on Public Lands, explaining that many land-grant forfeitures were pending which he would like to tackle. Senator Sawyer replied that he would fix it with Speaker Carlisle (although the latter was a Democrat), and La Follette said no more. But when the committees were announced La Follette found himself assigned to the Committee on Indian Affairs! He had, it seems, expressed too much interest in land-grant forfeitures. And, besides, Senator Sawyer had a bill coming up presently which he wanted to have favorably disposed of by the Committee on Indian Affairs. Unfortunately for the Senator's plans (he was in the lumber business) La Follette decided that the bill was intended to facilitate stealing timber from the Indians, and ought not to be passed. He was successful in blocking it.

A little later, in spite of strong pressure by Senator Sawyer, the young Congressman headed off a land-grab bill intended to benefit Wisconsin railroads, and in his second term he further outraged his would-be mentor by refusing to vote for the Nicaraguan canal bill. This was a measure that Democratic as well as Republican henchmen were working for, both parties having been promised a campaign gift of $100,000 if they put the bill across. Harry F. Sinclair did not originate the idea of subsidizing both parties when he gave to the Harding campaign fund with his right hand and to that of Cox with his left.

In spite of La Follette's obstinate honesty, Senator Sawyer remained friendly to him until, after six years in the House, La Follette lost his seat in a Democratic victory and went back to his law practice. Then Senator Sawyer—as La Follette insists—tried to bribe him to use his influence with a judge who was his brother-in-law. The controversy came into the newspapers, and La Follette was bitterly assailed in party circles for besmirching a man of Senator Sawyer's prominence. The incident probably settled La Follette's future, for the political and even personal ostracism that followed led the young man to question the whole structure of party government as it was then builded, and in 1894 he and his friends came out squarely against the Republican State machine. They were beaten back that year, again in 1896, and still another time in 1898—chiefly by the unabashed corruption of delegates at the conventions. But the reform forces did not bolt the party, nor did they run up a white flag. "I didn't have one," said La Follette in commenting on these events later.

La Follette was campaigning indefatigably in those days, in season and out, hammering home his ideas of a more just and democratic political philosophy. An instance of his courage and presence of mind occurred when he was talking from a farm wagon at a fair in Oshkosh. His opponents were there too. He had barely got into his speech when the bell for starting the horse races began to ring and boys rushed through the crowd shouting:

"Score cards for sale! Score cards for sale!"

Roosevelt on La Follette

Thanks to the movement for genuinely democratic government which Senator La Follette led to overwhelming victory in Wisconsin, that State has become literally a laboratory for wise experimental legislation, aiming to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole.

Wilson on La Follette

I have sometimes thought of Senator La Follette climbing the mountain of privilege . . . taunted, laughed at, called back, going steadfastly on and not allowing himself to be deflected for a single moment, for fear he also should hearken and lose all his power to serve the great interests to which he had devoted himself. I love these lonely figures climbing this ugly mountain of privilege. . . . I am sorry for my own part that I did not come in when they were fewer.

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The horses started down the track and the audience scrambled to get out of their way. At once La Follette had the wagon in which he was standing driven out upon the track. Addressing the judges' stand, he announced:

"I am here by invitation, and I propose to finish this address. If interrupted again, I shall talk all afternoon to the exclusion of any other program."

About that time La Follette had come to the conclusion that the only way to down the bosses was through direct nominations in the primary elections. No State had a direct-primary law then that amounted to anything or included all elective officers. La Follette began to propagandize for the novel scheme through speeches and pamphlets, and presently he and some associates found means to buy a country weekly of which John M. Nelson, now Representative in Congress and manager of the present Progressive campaign, was made the editor. It set forth the following program:

> Protection for the products of the factory and the farm.
>
> Sound money, a dollar's worth of dollar.
>
> Reciprocity in trade.
>
> Adequate revenues for State and nation.
>
> Equal and just taxation of all the property of each individual and every corporation transacting business within the State.
>
> Abolish caucuses and conventions. Nominate candidates by Australian ballot at a primary election.
>
> Enact and enforce laws to punish bribery in every form by the lobby in the legislature and wherever it assails the integrity of the public service.
>
> Prohibit the acceptance by public officials of railroad passes, sleeping-car passes, express, telegraph, and telephone franks.
>
> Enact and enforce laws making character and competency the requisite for service in our penal and charitable institutions.
>
> Enact and enforce laws that will prohibit corrupt practices in campaigns and elections.
>
> An economical administration of public affairs, reducing expenditures to a business basis.

This platform is illuminating of conditions a quarter of a century ago when direct, open corruption in politics was commoner than today and the railroads were the great manipulators of public policies. The great industrial corporations of our day had not yet come into existence, nor centralized financial control through a few powerful banks. La Follette proposed to attack party corruption through direct primaries and to assail railroad privilege through laws taxing the companies upon the full physical value of their properties—like all other interests—instead of following the scandalously inadequate and discriminatory methods then in vogue whereby farmers, manufacturers, and home owners were paying 1.19 per cent of the market value of their property in taxes while railroads paid only .53 per cent of their market value—based on their stocks and bonds. The campaign of 1900 was fought chiefly upon direct primaries and railroad taxation, and—at last—the new political forces won. La Follette became Governor on January 1, 1901.

It was a great victory, placing La Follette in the seats of the mighty just as the new century came in. Yet the two years that followed were probably the bitterest and most disillusioning of his life. The old machine obtained control of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the most powerful and about the only independent newspaper of importance in the State. The new editor called on the new Governor and offered the *Sentinel's* support if La Follette would drop the program of railroad taxation and direct primaries. Otherwise the newspaper would oppose the Governor and retire him to private life.

"If you will let up," La Follette quotes the editor as saying, "the legislature will be taken care of."

The Governor said he proposed to stand by the party pledges.

"Well, if that is your answer," was the reply, "the *Sentinel* will begin skinning you tomorrow."

It soon developed also that the "Stalwart" Republicans (the old machine) had control of the Senate, and even the lower house presently began to disintegrate. The most powerful business and personal pressure was brought to bear; by slow attrition or direct corruption the La Follette forces were worn down. The session ended by substituting for complete direct primaries a bill setting up a worthless scheme for county officers only, while instead of railroad taxation a bill was passed imposing *a tax on dogs!* La Follette vetoed both bills and then, broken with work and disappointment, was obliged to spend the next year in getting back into health.

La Follette was back on the stump in 1902, and was again elected Governor—with a legislature having more backbone. A railroad-taxation bill was passed, and the direct primary went through in the form of a referendum to the people in the election of 1904. Speaking of the railroad legislation, La Follette says in his autobiography:

> As an immediate result railroad taxes were increased more than $600,000 annually. When I came into the Governor's office on January 1, 1901, the State was in debt $330,000 and had only $4,125 in the general fund. But so great were the receipts from our new corporation taxes, and from certain other sources, that in four years' time, on January 1, 1905, we had paid off all our indebtedness and had in the general fund of the treasury $407,506. We had so much on hand, indeed, that we found it unnecessary to raise any taxes for the succeeding two years.

A law was also passed providing for expert accountants to ascertain if the railroads were correctly reporting their gross earnings in Wisconsin, the companies previously having been left practically to assess themselves. It was discovered that secret rebates to the amount of about $1,100,000 had been given during the preceding six years which had not been reported in the declarations of earnings. The State recovered more than $400,000 in back taxes on this account.

La Follette was encouraged but not satisfied with his second term as Governor. He saw that the preliminary successes of the progressive forces must be extended and consolidated, and he went into the 1904 campaign with more energy than ever. The direct-primary proposal was to be passed on by the people that autumn, and La Follette, having obtained full taxation of the railroads, was now determined to get authority to regulate rates, in order that heavier taxes might not be shifted to the people in the form of higher fares.

"I spoke forty-eight days in succession," he said later of the 1904 campaign, "never missing one single day excepting Sundays. I averaged eight and one-quarter hours a day on the platform."

La Follette picked out the districts where men that he regarded as faithless to the people were seeking election, and he opposed them regardless of their party. He inaugu-

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rated what later became known as The Roll Call, reading from the official journals the records of candidates on legislation. Sometimes he threw his weight to the Democratic candidates. "And I cleaned up the legislature," was his comment afterward.

On election day the La Follette forces were returned to power and the direct-primary proposal was carried by a majority of 50,000. One of the early acts of the new legislature was to elect La Follette as United States Senator. But he did not resign the governorship and go to Washington. He knuckled down to the job of getting through his desired legislation, first and foremost the regulation of railroad rates. He got that, together with other laws which brought Wisconsin forward from the rear guard of boss-ridden, corporation-ruled States into the very van of progress and democracy. Critics who are disposed to regard La Follette as an obstructionist and a demagogue will do well to ponder the remarkable record of constructive achievement in his five years as Governor of Wisconsin.

Nor did this legislation retard business or drive capital from the State. Its object was not to destroy corporations but to put them out of politics; to take away the privileges and unfair advantages obtained through corruption. From 1903 to 1909 the railroads invested some $39,000,000 in new construction in Wisconsin. While during the first five years of its existence the Railroad Commission caused a saving of $2,000,000 a year to the people through reduced rates, still the net earnings of railroads in Wisconsin increased slightly more than for all lines in the United States. The increase in Wisconsin was 18.45 per cent; in the United States as a whole it was 18.41 per cent. This was due to the greatly increased business brought by lower rates. Is there, perhaps, a moral in this for our present railway situation?

Eleven months after his election to the United States Senate La Follette felt finally that he could pass on the work in Wisconsin to other hands. He resigned the governorship, and early in 1906 he went back to the scenes in Washington which he had first known twenty years before as a green Congressman.

(This is the first of three articles on La Follette's political record. It will be followed next week by an article on La Follette in Washington and the week thereafter by an article on La Follette in America.)

Wisconsin and Socialism

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

CHESTER C. PLATT, State manager of the Wisconsin Nonpartisan League, has written a book entitled "What La Follette's State Is Doing"; and in the course of this book he remarks that it is "discouraging to note how little progress in public ownership has been made in Wisconsin in thirty years."

He is particularly distressed by the fate which overtook a certain proposed Wisconsin State constitutional amendment in the year 1922. According to that amendment all cities in Wisconsin would have been empowered to increase their indebtedness until it was equal to 10 per cent of the value of the taxable property within their boundaries and would have been enabled thereupon to acquire and operate street-railway systems and plants for the furnishing of light, heat, water, and power.

Simultaneously—in the year 1922—Mr. La Follette was running for reelection to the United States Senate. He was reelected by a spectacular majority.

The public-ownership constitutional amendment, however, was defeated. The votes for it numbered 105,000. The votes against it numbered 219,000.

It seemed possible for a State to be heavily for Mr. La Follette and yet be heavily against public ownership.

Mr. Platt seems to feel further that Mr. La Follette himself is not so actively zealous for public ownership as he might be and that Mr. La Follette's friend Governor Blaine is similarly delinquent. Mr. Platt says: "So far as I can learn, neither Senator La Follette nor Governor Blaine in their campaign speeches of 1922 spoke a word in favor of the constitutional amendment which would have opened up the gateway to municipal ownership of public utilities."

Mr. Platt thus bears witness to the truth of the proposition which this writer has been endeavoring to insinuate into the intelligence of a reluctant and refusing public.

The La Follette movement in Wisconsin has not been characterized by any profound persistent passion for public ownership. In all Wisconsin today there is no such illustration of public State ownership and operation as is furnished in the State of New York by the Barge Canal.

Wisconsin, it is true, has passed many laws dealing with business and has established many State commissions dealing with business, both agricultural and industrial.

These laws and these commissions are by many observers called socialistic. They are socialistic if the Fordney-McCumber tariff law is socialistic. They are socialistic if the United States Tariff Commission is socialistic. They represent an "interference" by government in the economic field. The tariff sort of interference is defended on the ground that it makes people more prosperous. So is the Wisconsin sort of interference.

Wisconsin in the year 1907 established a peculiarly drastic regulation of privately owned public utilities. Since that time—in the ensuing seventeen years—only one public utility in Wisconsin has gone bankrupt. Can regulation of public utilities by any other State government, or by the federal government, show fairer results—for the public utilities?

In Boston a gigantic local traction system is operated by public trustees appointed by the Massachusetts public authorities. In Wisconsin the need of public trustees for public utilities does not occur. Successful public regulation has obviated public operation. Regulation, if sufficiently drastic, has been shown to be not the avenue to socialism but the barricade against it.

Wisconsin had State grades, State standards, State labels for such commodities as butter and cheese. Are the private owners of butter and cheese factories thereby oppressed? On the contrary, they are thereby privately enriched. Their Wisconsin State-branded products—accord-

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ing to the Year Book of the Federal Department of Agriculture—are continuously able to command a price premium in the national market.

The North Dakota State Government started a bank and, being the government of a wheat State, started a grain elevator and a flour mill.

The Wisconsin State Government started no bank and, although it was destined to be the government of an outstanding dairy State, started no State-owned factories for dairy products. On the contrary, it encouraged and promoted the privately owned factories for those products by two methods—education and regulation.

The Wisconsin State Government gives financial aid to cow-testing associations. The federal Government gives financial aid to railroads. It has lent many millions of dollars—for instance—to the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Under the accepted idea there is governmental interference on behalf of certain interests. Under the Wisconsin idea there is governmental interference all around. It is not socialism. It is simply what might be called making governmental interference unanimous.

On that basis the Wisconsin "progressive" or "radical" movement—instead of dying out in a few years, as every other "progressive" or "radical" movement in our whole national history has died out—can now be seen controlling and governing the State of Wisconsin at the end of thirty years of continuous existence.

In that fact is there, or is there not, a lesson for the ladies and gentlemen who want to make the present national La Follette movement produce a permanent new national political party?

Further and finally the friends of the idea of a new national political movement will note that the Wisconsin movement has steadily had behind it in its legislative activities the intense laborious research of great economic specialists like Dr. John Commons and that it has been accompanied by uniquely lavish expenditures of public money on the education of the individual Wisconsin boy, girl, woman, and man in the State University, in the extension courses of the State University, in ordinary grade schools and high schools and normal schools and extraordinary new part-time continuation schools for young citizens already earning their living.

The 1923 Wisconsin Legislature appropriated $150,000 for a building in Milwaukee to be used as a center for university-extension courses conducted from the State University at Madison. In Milwaukee there is also now a new part-time school building, the construction of which will have cost more than $3,000,000.

The number of working children doing part-time school work in Milwaukee has risen to about 13,000. The nation can never duplicate the growing economic result of the Wisconsin movement without the Wisconsin movement's passion for schools.

For individual self-improvement the educated Wisconsin farmer thereupon, with instructions and assistance and advice from Madison, forms his own cooperative societies and does not ask the government to market his products; he markets them himself. Governmental interference for the purpose of producing ultimately more opportunity and more capacity for private individuality—that is the laboring soul of the Wisconsin idea. And this writer ventures the view that no new national party without that soul and without that intense technical laboriousness will ever be anything more than a fortuitously aggregated body, materialistic and transitory.

The Buried Past of Greenland

By POUL NÖRLUND

AMONG the many adventurers, discoverers, and explorers who have written their names on the pale Arctic heavens there shines—after the lapse of almost a thousand years—the name of an Icelandic outlaw, Eric the Red, the discoverer and colonizer of Greenland. All the daring, gruffness, and audacity of the Viking age center in this proud, lonely figure who, in the Scandinavian countries, has become one of the personifications of a barbaric but glorious past, and whose name, in America, too, is recalled together with that of his son Leif Ericson, the discoverer of the American continent.

In the fiords of South Greenland Eric the Red founded a free political community, where he and a few of his countrymen found wider scope for their bold self-sufficiency and spirit of independence than could be found at home in Norway and in Iceland. Here they possessed practically the same means of livelihood as in northern Iceland—pastures for their large flocks of sheep and for their cattle and horses; the most advanced even tried to raise corn. Over the moors they hunted the reindeer, and in the sea seals and white bears which came drifting on ice-floes along the shores, and they were not afraid of setting out on expeditions to the north in search of the huge sea-monsters frequenting those regions, particularly the walrus, the skin of which was cut into thongs and the tusks traded to the Norwegian merchants who visited the country.

On the inmost shores of the deep fiords about Julianehope and Godthope, where the colonists settled most thickly, the sites of their farmyards, undisturbed by the ravages of time, are still to be found beneath the sod and the willow copses. According to a topographical description dating from the fourteenth century the settlements consisted of about 300 farms, two cloisters, and sixteen churches, one of which was the cathedral at the episcopal residence of Gardar. The sites of most of these are now known, thanks to a charting carried on by both skilled and unskilled persons for more than a century and a half, and on the basis of excavations in both Greenland and Iceland made by Captain Daniel Bruun it has been proved that the Greenlandic dwellings corresponded to the old Icelandic dwellings of the Saga period.

By continued archæological excavations we shall certainly be able to procure still further details concerning the old Greenlanders' life on the farthest outpost of European culture. Even now, through excavations which the present writer undertook in 1921 for the Danish Commission for the Scientific Investigation of Greenland, new and unexpected perspectives have been opened.

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One of the most renowned Icelanders who followed Eric the Red to Greenland was named Herjolf Baardson. He took land farthest to the south, a few miles from Cape Farewell, but in contrast to all his companions he settled on a headland by the open sea instead of seeking shelter in the snug fiords. At Herjolfsness grew up a large farm, which later had its own church, and in the neighborhood was a harbor, one of the favorite ports of call of the Norwegian merchant vessels.

The storms of centuries lashed the headland and made relentless inroads upon the exposed churchyard where, at the water's edge, some remains of the old graves were laid bare. To anticipate the sea in its devastating work we excavated the whole churchyard. Around the little though not quite insignificant church lay the graves, layer under layer, the uppermost fully decomposed, but the lower showing a more and more wonderful state of preservation the deeper we reached. There were coffins joined with wood-nails or baleen fibers; there were small carved crosses, sometimes with runic inscriptions, which had been placed in the hands of the dead; but the most remarkable things were the garments in which the corpses had been wrapped when their relations could not procure any coffin.

People have been so accustomed to the things which can be preserved and excavated in the warm countries, for instance, in the tombs of Egyptian kings and others, that it is necessary to emphasize how remarkable—indeed in its way unique—this discovery of medieval garments is. In Europe also in that period the dead were frequently wrapped in clothes instead of being placed in coffins; but never once has a complete garment been brought out of the earth. They have all rotted.

No one could ask for a more vivid illustration of the medieval Greenlanders' life and culture than that given by the dresses now exhibited in the National Museum of Copenhagen. They are woven of wool and were certainly made in Greenland, where the women had plenty to do in working the wool from the great flocks of sheep which grazed on the mountain slopes. Probably the Greenlanders also exported ready-made cloth as did the Icelanders; there were, indeed, so many articles of necessity which had to be bought in Europe that furs and walrus tusks were hardly sufficient to pay for all their requirements.

But if these dresses were made in Greenland their congruity with the European fashions is so much the more startling. One by one you can take them forth and point out their parallels in the abundance of medieval sculptures and miniatures which we in Europe must use instead of the originals as a sort of fashion paper. They are the same fashions which we find in Paris and the Netherlands, they are the same headdresses which Petrarch wore or which later in the fifteenth century the Florentines used. It speaks strongly for the activity of international intercourse, and for the Greenlanders' intimate relations with Europe, that these fashions were able to wander the long way over Scandinavia and, on the Norwegian merchant vessels, farther, away out to Herjolfsness.

Of course, the Greenlandic imitations possess nothing of the gorgeous splendor of the original models. The material is coarse and the colors have disappeared—if gaudy colors were used, as in medieval Europe. These dresses were much worn and often mended before being used as shrouds, and naturally the lapse of centuries has left its traces. But when we imagine them in their original condition we must admit that the cut is intricate and well deliberated, and the best pieces have so fine a fall that they are really a pleasure to look at. They were not such garments as the peasantry wore in Scandinavia.

According to our European "fashion papers" most of the dresses belong to the period about the middle of the fourteenth century, but of course in Greenland they must be later. It was a period when the dresses fitted the body closely to the waist, falling toward the feet in soft, voluminous folds, and when the men, too, wore long, richly folded dresses which they slipped over their heads like a jumper, while as head-gear they used closely fitting hoods of which the upper back part was continued into a long tail or tippet which dangled down the back or was fastened round the head. This hood—the French *chaperon*—was very highly favored throughout Europe in the later Middle Ages. It was the most popular and most characteristic garment, and it is really surprising that not one single specimen has been preserved in Europe, while fourteen to fifteen pieces were recovered in fine condition from the Greenlandic soil.

How is this possible? They wrapped the dead each in his garment and put him into the rude earth, and 600 years later we found the corpse decomposed, as is the way of nature, but the wrapping in about the same condition as when it was buried.

The explanation is that these graves are below the line at which in these days the soil will thaw in the warm summer time. The dresses have been frozen down. But this is an answer that raises a new question. They cannot have cut the graves in the frozen ground; in that case the corpse would not have been decomposed, and all the garments were penetrated by grass roots which must have originated at a time when these layers of earth were unfrozen. The only reasonable explanation is this: In the Middle Ages the ground thawed to a greater depth and then a change of climate occurred before the putrefaction from the corpse spread to its surroundings. Such changes may well have come gradually if we suppose that the deepest and best-preserved graves were made at midsummer and even at the beginning thawed only for a short period of the year.

The excavations at Herjolfsness support a theory which is set forth by Professor O. Pettersson of Sweden, and which for the last decade has engaged the attention of meteorologists and historians. According to this theory a change of climate, ascribed to cosmic causes, took place during the latter part of the Middle Ages, affecting a great part of the earth.

The Norse commonwealth of Greenland existed independently for about 250 years, until in 1261 it surrendered to the Norwegian Crown. Soon afterward the king received the monopoly of the navigation of the coasts of the country, but in return he assumed the obligation of maintaining commercial intercourse, and the arrangement must certainly have been a benefit to the isolated Greenlanders. A real peril was prevented—for Norwegian shipping was at this moment rapidly declining, and skippers were scarce who, at their own risk, would keep up the connection. The purely European character of the garments found at Herjolfsness must prove that throughout the fourteenth century there was a rather lively intercourse with Europe; indeed it proves that the Greenlanders far into the fifteenth century were in communication with the old country, because we found European fashions from the second half of that century. But the arrival of ships became rarer and rarer and

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at last stopped altogether. If a change in the ice conditions of the coasts of South Greenland really occurred it must have been fatal to navigation; probably one ship after another was caught in the ice packs until at last there was not one skipper left in Norway who knew the difficult and perilous route.

To us, who lived for a whole summer at Herjolfsness and saw ourselves blocked most of the time by drift-ice coming from the east and rounding Cape Farewell, it is hard to imagine how the Norsemen, under similar ice conditions, were able to use this place as a harbor. Nowadays Herjolfsness is one of the points on the southwest coast which is most difficult to navigate; the ice forces the ships farther north, where they cannot "stand in" toward the land until they have passed the whole of the old eastern settlement.

The change in climate made life harder for the Greenlanders. Supplies from Europe were necessary for their existence, their wholly European culture depended on a close connection with the home country. And, on the other hand, the same conditions which became fatal for the Norsemen brought the Eskimos southward, for their source of livelihood was on the drifting ice, the favorite haunts of the seals. But in the long run the two peoples could not live side by side without collision; there was not room enough for both. We imagine that they settled their differences not by a decisive contest but by small local feuds. Naturally the Norsemen, cut off from supplies from Europe, got the worse of it against a people inured to the Arctic climate and living in complete independence of the rest of the world.

Many people, among them renowned scientists, refuse to believe that the same Eskimos who nowadays are famous for their peacefulness were able to accomplish such a war of extermination. But my own nation, the Danish, now one of the most peaceful and anti-militaristic people in the world, a thousand years ago sent one devastating Viking army after the other over Western Europe. It has been said that the white race cannot be conquered by the savage; but it is often seen that its superiority disappears if it is isolated. And talk of the Norsemen's superiority to the Eskimos is silenced by the last result of our excavations at Herjolfsness.

After our return the remains of the excavated skeletons (their state of preservation being rather bad) were forwarded for examination to the renowned Danish anatomist, Professor F. C. C. Hansen. His careful investigations show that the last Norsemen of Greenland were a badly degenerate race, small and wretched persons, suffering from rachitis and tubercular diseases, many of them cripples, degenerated through intermarriage and undernourishment. Their teeth were even in youth decayed because of bad food. Consequently it was not a host of tall champions who had to fight the Eskimos, but a doomed race. We bow with respect to these our kinsmen who, voluntarily or involuntarily, stayed at their advanced outpost, and there were left to die. And their fate does not become less tragic because the breaking of communication with Europe was primarily due to circumstances of which their countrymen at home were not masters. But we must admit that the Eskimos, the little hardy polar people, by the right of the strongest, took Greenland from the white race. It was, under these circumstances, no great achievement.

Baking Your Own Bread

By J. P. WARBASSE

THE price of bread was five cents a loaf when wheat was $1 a bushel. When the price of wheat went to $2 the price of bread jumped to ten cents a loaf. The wage of the baker was not doubled. Only the price the consumer paid was doubled. One might get the idea that bread is made out of flour alone. It is not. It is made chiefly of labor, flour, and water. Wheat has been down around the pre-war price for several years, but the price of a loaf of bread stays around ten cents. What is this fiscal yeast that raises bread so successfully and keeps it raised?

During the war the farmers asserted their patriotism, paid their good money for government bonds, and made a terrible wail; and then were bribed to raise lots of grain by the promise of $3 wheat. That high-priced wheat cost them more than they got for it. It was the most expensive wheat the American farmer ever raised. It did him more harm than good. He knows it now. The bankers got the money, and he got deflation as a present from the bankers.

Now, the important fact is that most of the people in the United States are not farmers. This is no longer an agricultural country. It is a commercial country. Buying and selling the products of labor is more profitable than working. But still all of the people eat bread. The eight- and ten-cent loaf is the price they are still paying for that crop of $3 wheat that was raised half a dozen years ago. That crop of wheat has been bought and paid for ten times already by the consumers—and they keep on paying for it. But the farmer does not get the money. What is more, the farmer also buys flour and bread, and he has already spent his share of the money he got for his $3 wheat for these daily necessities. The interesting thing that is happening is that the people are paying for bread that they do not get. Big and little bakeries are developing and absorbing this surplus between the producer and the consumer. The "bread king" is actually coming into existence to take his place along with all of the other "kings."

What can the people do to get the full amount of bread they pay for? Bakeries are multiplying—but their purpose is not to make bread to feed the people but to make profits for the owners of the bakeries. What can the people do to bake bread to eat? This is an old question. The family answers it by turning the kitchen into a bakery and the good housewife into a baker. That is one way to bake bread to eat. There is another way.

I know a little town of 3,500 population. It has eight hundred families. The cooperative consumers' society in that town has nine hundred members—more than a member for every family. The society has five stores and a bakery. The bakery turns out about eight hundred loaves a day at a cost of less than five cents a loaf. This bakery is owned by the families that use the bread. Besides enjoying the advantage of having wholesome bread, eight hundred housewives are released from the baking function. The work of the eight hundred is done by four.

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But what is more important, these people are learning how to administer their own business. If they can carry on stores and a bakery, they can qualify to carry on other functions for their own service. This happens to be a cooperative society of a town in Switzerland.

But the people in their voluntary societies of consumers can also carry on big business in this same field. The United Cooperative Baking Society of Glasgow, Scotland, is a good example. Its first bakery was started with one oven in a little old house in a back street. Now it has grown until it has over $2,500,000 share capital. It distributes $8,000,000 worth of bread and cakes a year, and makes a surplus-saving for its members of over $300,000. This bakery society devotes $7,000 a year to cooperative education, carries $250,000 worth of flour and bread in stock, and has $1,500,000 in reserve. It uses 30,000 tons of flour a year and puts out 800 tons of bread a week. Its 120 ovens are equipped with the most modern machinery. All of this highly successful and steadily growing business has been owned and administered from the beginning—fifty-five years ago—by the consumers who eat the bread. This is not the largest cooperative bakery. One in Vienna, Austria, is still larger, supplying bread to more than half the population of that city.

In England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Russia, France—in every European country these bakeries of the people are to be found. The strong cooperative societies in Belgium did not begin with stores, as was the case in England, but with bakeries. "We are bombarding the citadel of capitalism with loaves of bread" has always been the slogan of Belgian cooperation. The society of Ghent turns out 120,000 loaves of bread a week in this bombardment. Bread is sold in that country at a reasonable price. The surplus-savings accumulating in the treasury of the society are used for all sorts of social purposes—life and sickness insurance, old-age pensions, medical care, unemployment, insurance, education, entertainment. And then the surplus accumulating beyond these needs is used to open stores for the distribution of other commodities.

In practically every town in Germany—or at least in 3,126 towns—is a cooperative consumers' society. The bakery is the next institution started by these societies after the store and the savings bank. Take Nuremberg, for example; there is a cooperative society of 50,000 members with a bakery having twenty-three ovens. The largest profit-making bakery in Nuremberg has four ovens. The Nuremberg society can supply the whole city with all the bread it needs.

The largest bakery in the city of Hamburg is that of the cooperative society. The cooperatives in Germany, Switzerland, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, and half a dozen other countries own their own flour mills. And the federated societies of England not only have the largest flour mills in the British Empire but they own thousands of acres of wheat-lands where they produce their own grain. The same is true of most German towns and cities. They are producing bread to eat. The middleman is fading away.

There is something in these bakeries besides providing bread to eat at cost. They have carried efficiency to so high a plane that they are undoubtedly contributing to the health of the people. I remember seeing a machine for removing dirt and impurities from the flour in several of these bakeries, and I was informed that the profit-making bakeries did not use this machine. "Then what becomes of the impurities" "Why, the people eat them," was the reply.

In the United States we have about seventy-five successful cooperative bakeries. Fifteen of these are Jewish, three are Italian, ten or fifteen are Scandinavian or Finnish, and the rest are run by Americans or by a mixture of nationalities. Three of these bakery societies have a membership of around 2,000 each. Most of them are smaller, ranging from sixty to six hundred members.

As an example of what the people can do for themselves in the United States, let us take a look at the bakery of the Purity Cooperative Association of Paterson, New Jersey. Twenty years ago it started with eight members. They went from house to house and raised money in amounts from twenty-five cents to five dollars, until they had $800 in hand. They then rented a little bakery with one oven for $24 a month. The profit bakeries tried to put them out of business, and nearly succeeded. So poor were they that at times they did not have the money to buy a bag of flour. But they stuck it out and grew, and presently they moved to larger premises. Then they bought a house and equipped it with ovens. Ten years ago they put up a bigger brick bakery building with every modern appliance. And five years ago they built another of still greater size. In 1905 they baked 150 loaves daily, using one barrel of flour and employing two bakers. In 1915 they baked 3,650 loaves and 1,350 dozen rolls daily, used thirty barrels of flour, and employed twelve bakers. Today they have 2,000 members who are supplied with $250,000 worth of bread a year. Three auto-trucks and two wagons carry bread to the consumers. The property is worth $150,000. Their ovens turn out 5,000 loaves and 24,000 rolls a day. Big machines automatically weigh, sieve, and mix 500 pounds of flour at a time. They use a carload of flour a week. The society also runs a meatshop which sells $100,000 worth of meat yearly. It requires forty-two employees with a weekly pay roll of $1,600. Although only $8,000 has been subscribed in capital stock, the resources of the association are $175,000. The sum of $1,000 is contributed yearly to cooperative education.

Two years ago this Purity bakery united with three other bakeries in the same district, to form a federation. The four bakeries do a weekly business of $20,000 or $1,000,000 a year. The surplus-savings of these bakeries vary from 5 per cent to 25 per cent. Some is used to create funds for expansion and for educational purposes. The remainder is given back to the members as savings-returns. Every one of these bakeries is keeping down the price of bread in the neighborhood where it operates. By the price standards that they set they are saving millions of dollars to millions of people in the cost of bread who never heard of the bakeries.

When food controller Hoover fixed the price of bread during the war, the private-profit bakeries protested that they could not produce bread at so low a price. But the cooperative bakeries protested against being required to charge so high a price for bread. Despite protests both made money. The first group produced the poorest bread they could and put the profits in their pockets; the second group produced the best bread they could and gave the profits back to the people. Which of these principles is to be adopted ultimately in production and distribution remains to be seen. All that can be said for the present is that the profit motive in industry has got the world into a good deal of a mess; and as far as bread goes the people are still paying for much that they are never permitted to eat.

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In the Driftway

CIVILIZATION, like almost everything in this world (even the Drifter's steady old desk in these days of whirling atoms), is difficult to define. We have highbrows who defend it, and anthropologists like Westermarck who take delightful jabs at civilized peoples as compared with primitive folk. The Drifter being a sentimental philosopher, and also because it pains him to think of century after century without progress, wishes with all his heart and soul, and half of his mind, to believe in progress. But the other half of his mind can't abide the absolute assumption of progress or that it is represented by "me" and "mine."

* * * *

ALL this has been aroused not by recent deep researches into anthropological lore, but by the arrival of the "white Indians." In the first place the Drifter's emotions were enlisted, his sympathy was aroused for Marguerite, Alo, and Chepu. The story of their first "hot and uncomfortable" day in city clothes brings squirms of approval from the Drifter's hot and uncomfortable body. Then an inspired reporter wrote that "they looked at the Statue of Liberty as if they thought it no more wonderful than a palm-tree." Well, well! We wonder how many palm-trees that man has seen. The Drifter wasted several hours thinking about palm-trees and reporters and the Statue of Liberty. He went out to the S of L in one of the little boats that leave from the Battery, and chose a particularly unfortunate day, as part of the Democratic Convention was going out to compare it to a palm-tree too.

* * * *

THEN the Drifter went home and read Beebe's "Jungle Peace." He saw the sun drop into the jungle with tropical quickness, leaving for a moment the clear, golden sky. There was the quiet of sunset. Then darkness and the night noises of the jungle. He followed the fairy-like moonlit trail through the jungle. He sniffed the delicate and penetrating odors of orchids, crushed leaves, decaying wood. And then his imagination played him a trick, and he smelled (although psychologists say one can't recall smells) smoke, gasoline, dust, and hot asphalt. Some of us who admire so prodigiously our "wagons that go by themselves, boats that fly in the air, buildings that tower up into the clouds" would be heartily bored in the most marvelous of jungles unless we had a Beebe there to interpret. The Drifter's wrath increases when he reads that "the burden of understanding New York with its skyscrapers, its subways and elevateds, its automobiles and its throngs is too much for them." Do we superior New Yorkers understand New York? We know how to follow the green or black line in the shuttle, but pray what do we "understand"? And if we did, might we not know more about life if we knew the answer to the question of the great black frog of the jungle, Wh-y? Wh-y?

* * * *

PLEASE don't send in applications for membership in a back-to-nature club. The Drifter has no intention of starting one. He has an adequate appreciation of the comforts of civilization and a highly developed fear of many of the crawly things of the jungle. But he does wish for the sake of the peace of that aforesaid half of his mind that his fellow-beings wouldn't consider themselves the be-all and the end-all of the universe. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Married Women's Titles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You note the fact that Susan B. Anthony introduced Lucy Stone on some public occasion as "Mrs. Stone." Mrs. Stone was the name by which my mother was known to all her friends and neighbors and to her associates in reform work. It was the name by which she wished to be called. She had no objection to the change of title that indicates whether a woman is married or single. But she regarded the loss of a woman's name at marriage as a symbol of the loss of her individuality, and she would have none of it.

She spoke with warm indignation of the woman in "Bleak House" who had been Mrs. Captain Swosser and Mrs. Professor Dingo and was now Mrs. Bayham Badger. She said it was like a slave who was Cuffee Smith if he belonged to Mr. Smith, and Cuffee Jones if he became the property of Mr. Jones.

Before her marriage, she consulted several eminent lawyers, including the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, who was afterward Chief Justice of the United States. They all told her that there was no law requiring a married woman to take her husband's name; it was only a custom. It is said that my father's family were rather glad to have her keep her own name. His elder sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, was the first woman in modern times to take a medical degree—a thing looked upon as altogether shocking. The family thought they had enough odium to bear because one woman named Blackwell was practicing medicine, without having another woman of that name lecturing for woman's rights in a bloomer dress.

When Massachusetts gave women school suffrage in 1879, my mother let herself be deprived of her vote rather than sacrifice her principles. She would not register as Lucy Blackwell, and the authorities would not let her register as Lucy Stone. I have seldom seen my father more indignant. He proposed that he and I should go before the registrars and make oath that we had known this woman for many years, and that her name was Lucy Stone. Of course, it would have been useless. She lost her vote because a small Boston official thought he knew more about law than the Chief Justice of the United States.

In recent years, I am sorry to say, Massachusetts has adopted an enactment in regard to the re-registration of women after marriage which requires them to use their husbands' names; but there was no such provision at that time. Sooner or later it will be repealed.

Chilmark, Mass., July 24 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

La Follette in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On May 5 a group of earnest men and women gathered in a ramshackle hall in Long Beach for the purpose of forming an organization which they hoped would aid in the election of Robert M. La Follette to the Presidency next November. Although at that time the possibility of La Follette's running was speculative, if not remote, this group with vigorous confidence set to work and founded a La Follette for President Club. It is only fair to say that the founders were not representative of the citizenry of Long Beach or of Southern California as a whole; the meeting was inspired and given zest almost wholly by a few farmers of the Northwest, those Nonpartisan Leaguers whose efforts for progressive political action have earned the profound admiration of every one whose heart hungers for true political emancipation.

The organization has grown; at each meeting the crowds get larger and the enthusiasm for La Follette waxes higher.

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All of this has taken place in the city of reactionaries and stand-patters where not so long ago Eugene Debs was denied the right to address a public meeting.

The writer tells this with the hope of inspiring other communities to do likewise. He knows of communities whose conditions should be much more favorable for the forming of La Follette clubs, and he appeals to the progressive citizenry throughout the land to choose the psychological time, unite upon a common footing, and send Robert La Follette to the White House next November. All that it requires is union.

A few words to the extreme radical, he who is called "red" but whose heart is intrinsically white. The time has come for you to realize that diplomacy is a necessary instrument and that much can be gained by using a little of it now and then. I am addressing this especially to those extremists who see in Robert M. La Follette but another capitalist a little disguised. You fail to recognize the true virtues of the man, his unimpeachable record for justice and fairness, and above all the certainty that he would protect you in the exercise of your full right of citizenship.

Let us, in this hour of test, forget that we have separate grievances and differences of opinion. Now is the time for discussion but not for dissension. The hope of any movement lies in the solidarity of its supporters. Let us for once make a united effort to enact a theory we are wont of preaching.

Long Beach, California, July 17 ALBERT VAN AVER

"Mother of Exiles"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the passage of the recent immigration law further restricting the admission of aliens into the United States, I most respectfully suggest that a congressional committee be appointed and instructed to proceed to Bedloe's Island, New York, armed with crowbars, sledges, and chisels, and wrench from the base of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty the bronze tablet to Emma Lazarus, which bears the following lines from her fine sonnet The New Colossus, written in 1883:

> "Keep ancient lands your storied pomp!" cries she
> With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
> Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

Either that, or reverse the position of the goddess and turn her back to Europe.

Superior, Wisconsin, July 10 JOHN A. CADIGAN

Contributors to This Issue

ARTHUR WARNER, associate editor of *The Nation*, has made a special study of La Follette's political record during the past forty-five years.

POUL NÖRLUND, deputy keeper of the Danish National Museum at Copenhagen and author of historical and archaeological essays, led the Danish Archaeological Expedition to Greenland in 1921.

JAMES P. WARBASSE is president of the Cooperative League of America and editor of *Cooperation*.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG, who has spent the greater part of the last three years in Russia, is the author of "The First Time in History," recently published in America.

H. A. OVERSTREET is head of the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

ELISEO VIVAS is a young Spanish critic who contributes frequent articles on contemporary Spanish literature to current periodicals.

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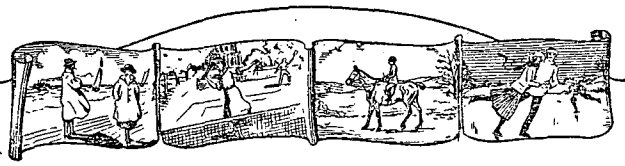

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If Some Grim Tragedy

By NINNA MAY SMITH

If some grim tragedy had smote me down
I might have risen spent
From the chastising rod, yet in some way
Magnificent.

But life moves tranquilly without event
Day after wearisome day,
Save for the little rodent cares that make
Me small as they.

Books

The Value of Personality

A Living Universe. By L. P. Jacks. George H. Doran Company. $1.

The Lost Radiance of Christianity. By L. P. Jacks. George H. Doran Company. $0.75.

Seeing Life Whole. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal. By Felix Adler. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THERE seems something curiously futile about most philosophies. They are so endlessly talky. They lose themselves in a maze of words. The sciences, on the other hand, are powerfully silent. They do not argue. They make their experiments and present the results. What philosophy needs, apparently, is to learn how to talk less and do more. Curiously enough, there is a settled view that philosophy cannot be experimental. Philosophers themselves accept this view.

> You ask us to test our conclusions as do the scientists. But how can we? Philosophy has no brass instruments; no measuring rods; no laboratories. Philosophy is a thing of the mind, with no tests save the pure canons of logic.

And so the philosopher, a little sadly, a little shamefacedly, perhaps, resigns himself to talk.

But is this true? Philosophy is a critical consideration of our basic assumptions. Is it not possible to put a basic assumption to the test, to see how it works itself out? In a little book called "The Living Universe" Dr. Jacks proposes this. There are just two fundamental philosophies, he contends: that one which assumes the universe to be dead and that one which assumes it to be alive. How shall the one or the other of these philosophies be proved? By arguing? Not at all. Even at the best there are realities which speech is powerless to express. Reality in the last analysis can only be acted. You cannot prove that beauty is beautiful to one who sees no beauty. The proof of beauty is the living appreciation of it. You cannot prove that sex love is a great and transforming experience to one who is physiologically immature. The proof of love is in the loving.

So Dr. Jacks holds we cannot prove by the logic of the tongue or pen that the universe is either living or dead. The only proof is in living as if it were the one or the other. By the fruits of that living we shall know. And here is where philosophy becomes experimental. We have, let us say, talked this matter over for hours. We have matched argument with argument, point with point. Let us now end it all and put it to the test. Live as if the universe were dead; and see what happens. Live as if the universe were alive; and see what happens. If the one experiment lands us in confusion and self-destruction, while the other brings transforming and heightening experience, we have our laboratory test.

It is somewhat in this manner that Dr. Jacks puts to the test these two fundamental philosophies. Our actual philosophy nowadays, he holds, as taught in the schools and lived in our business and political lives, is the philosophy which assumes a dead universe. From that fact follows our dominant technique —exploitation. We use nature, master her, control her. And it is no wonder that we have no compunctions about using human beings, mastering, controlling them in our interests. That we are essentially a political and economic civilization is symptomatic. Political units (nations) seek power; profit-makers seek power. Our civilization is quarrelsome because it is dominantly a civilization of exploitation.

Suppose we tested out the other philosophy, not by talking about it but by acting it. Instead of mastering, using nature, physical and human, we should then, with a kind of joyous appreciation, seek to coact with all nature. Instead of a preponderating interest in domination we should have an interest in growth and wider association. Education, instead of emphasizing personal success, would emphasize development. Nations, instead of aiming at power, would aim at welfare.

Here, then, is a working hypothesis which Dr. Jacks proposes. Can it be put to the test? He is not despondent as are many post-war writers. He feels that the hypothesis is being put to the test even now and is working. There is one powerful movement he holds, which indicates that civilization is taking a new direction. The military era is being succeeded by an era of intense interest in education. The basic interest of education, however, is not in domination but in development. In the end such a newly directed civilization will mean the suppression of the exploitation motive, which treats all that is not ourselves as if it were a means to our private ends; it will mean the increasing substitution of the motive of joyous association with realities that are truly living.

It is because Christianity has in large measure lost this sense of joyous association with a living universe that it has become the thing that it is of solemn "duties," magical ceremonials, and terrifying eschatologies.

Dr. King, also, joins forces with the "living-universe" philosophy. He develops his argument, however, in a different way. Where Dr. Jacks says, Try out the "dead-universe" hypothesis and see how it works, Dr. King says, consider all the sciences and philosophers whither they point. And considering biology, psychology, ethics, and philosophy, he finds them all pointing to what he holds to be fundamental in the Christian view of life. One is grateful for the very liberal and humanistic view which Dr. King takes of Christianity and particularly for his defense of a Christianity of the man Christ as over against a Christianity of the Old Testament. But when it comes to a reasoned view of the universe, one must confess that his selective principle seems to be worked overhard to find in the sciences and philosophy supports for the particular theistic view of the universe that has come to be known as Christian. The book, however, has many fine insights and is to be commended for its vigorous effort to see life not from some partial point of view of religion or of science but from the point of view of all man's authentic experiences.

Felix Adler, on the other hand, has no confidence in metaphysical approaches. He must find whatever spiritual reality there is in the universe through the spiritual quality in himself and others. Finding that, he has no hesitation in believing that the universe is spiritual, a society of spiritual personalities. But for Adler, as for Jacks, there is no real knowing save through acting. The spiritual in me is found precisely in the degree to which I act toward others as if they were spiritual. Here again we have the setting up of an hypothesis and the testing of it through specific action. Dr. Adler has illuminating things to say about marriage and social reconstruction. At times the thought is made unduly obscure by what seem to be quite unnecessary metaphysical subtleties. But throughout there runs the challenge of the single basic assumption: Treat humanity in all situations—marriage, business, industry, poli-

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tics—as if it were spiritual and the world will find an end of its sorriest troubles.

There is much with which one might honestly differ in all these books, but they are significant as defenses of the supreme value of personality and of the livingness of reality by men who nevertheless are in profoundest sympathy with the scientific viewpoints of our day.

H. A. OVERSTREET

A Spanish Woman Novelist

Mariflor. By Concha Espina. Translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Red Beacon. By Concha Espina. Translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

THERE is something in the literature of modern Spain which seems to articulate in an almost inaudible manner the frustration and the futility of its life. In Baroja, in Azorin, in Perez de Ayala, or, better still, in those early records of passion of Unamuno which his later fame has overshadowed, we invariably catch a common note: a subtle vein of melancholy, of regret, similar to, although less precise and more sophisticated than, the sober sadness over the failure of life to bloom which is, in our own literature, the leading motive of Sherwood Anderson. A time there was, amply recorded, when Spanish literature seemed to overbrim with brutal joy. The Spaniard was then successful through a desperate activity in chasing from his consciousness the ghost of disillusionment. And while his life was spilled in remote fields of action, his literature, reflecting the exaltation of his life, was a record of sword gashes, revenges, and a repressed lust often too violent to hide itself under the name of mysticism. Today, tired, perhaps, or perhaps spiritually as well as materially bankrupt, his literature has but one theme, disillusionment.

This is the reason why tragedy—that is to say, the failure in a vital aspiration—seldom is to be found in modern Spanish literature. The modern Spaniard—Unamuno is perhaps the only exception—has no really vital aspirations. His is the weariness of a lack of ideals. But if one does not find tragedy in modern Spanish literature, in the best of it one finds the elements of greatness. For it springs—in Baroja and Azorin this is surface clear—from an ineluctable conflict between two permanently opposed interests within the artist: from the conflict between the artist's desideratum for a truly adventurous and noble fulfilment of life and his Sancho Panza longings for comfort and safety.

In Concha Espina, however, these elements of greatness are not to be found. As a technician she seems supremely gifted. She is unusually articulate and sensitive enough to echo the subtle moods of the earth and the sky as well as the petty sufferings of her puppets. But the conflict of truly vital and radical interests, which alone lends a tale of the moment the color of permanence, cannot be found in her. The only grace that raises her from a novelist of sentimental trash into the ranks of interesting mediocrity is a faint sense, of which she seems to be seldom conscious, that the life she describes is adumbrated by the weariness of acknowledged futility. Her theme in both these books is poverty, which drives the sentimental wants of the individual to a conflict with the interests of the family and of established custom. Poverty circles over her creatures with the ever-nearing flight of a hawk, finally clawing them down to submission. It is here that she fails. Her understanding of life is too tenuous to make us feel that the failure of her victims to triumph over poverty is the tragic denouement of what might have been a nobly successful life. Her heart's desire is vulgar. There is no difference between her idea of happiness and that of the shopkeeper. This world would be, for her, the best possible if we could manage to eliminate poverty from it. Then the beautiful girl would be able to marry the sensitive young poet, rather than sell her charms to a rich elderly man who can save her family from its dire needs. Confronted with the possibility of such a Utopia we cannot help feeling grateful that human stupidity perpetuates so mean a thing as poverty, for it occasionally lends the only glimmer of meaning to human life.

It is true that Concha Espina is "the foremost woman novelist of Spain today," as she has been called. But it should be remembered that since the death of the Countess of Pardo Bazan there has appeared no woman writer capable of doing work of permanent human significance. The fact that she is the recipient of a prize from the Academy merely attests her ideologic and artistic respectability. There is, therefore, very little excuse for the translation of these two books into English. For though writers of universal merit are few today in Spain, there are, nevertheless, several more deserving of the honor of translation than she.

The translations have been well done.

ELISEO VIVAS

Some Essayists

Modern Essays. (Second Series.) Selected by Christopher Morley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

The East Window and The Car Window. By Bert Leston Taylor. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Pearls & Pepper. By Robert Palfrey Utter. Yale University Press. $2.50.

The Mancroft Essays. By Arthur Michael Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Now That I'm Fifty. By Albert Payson Terhune. George H. Doran. $2.

Summer Ghosts and Winter Topics. By Felix E. Schelling. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Beauty, Truth, and Humour. By Henry Charles Duffin. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 4s. 6d.

MR. MORLEY announces that he has chosen these essays for an "imaginary undergraduate," more aptly described by our grandfathers as the young person, but it is my most earnest recommendation that they be read by the generation which produced the other collections here reviewed. If there be a millionare bootlegger anxious to emulate the Medici, I hereby urge upon him the service of distributing the "Modern Essays" to the writers under discussion—not excluding Mr. Morley—as an act worthy of the supreme patron of belles-lettres. For if they do nothing else, the essays in this volume demonstrate beyond question or doubt that it is possible to write entertainingly and significantly without imitating the two saccharine saints who opened and closed the nineteenth century. Mr. Morley shows again in his preface and slight introductions the influence of that stilted, Stevensonian geniality and the lulling, Lamb-like love of life which are considered the *sine qua non* of essay writing by most gentlemen nearing their grand climacteric. His paragraphs abound in "high-minded publishers," "nicest people," "high-spirited trade organs," and "most amiable of men." The undergraduate, male and female, is anything but imaginary to me, and I venture to proffer the opinion that the "promissory pupil" of today is sufficiently different from the collegiate literary enthusiast of Mr. Morley's year to call such "kindly humor" sentimental slush. Nevertheless, this young person will enjoy enormously nearly every one of the essays in the book, because behind the mannerism Mr. Morley chooses to affect there is genuine literary appreciation and an understanding mind.

B. L. T., "requiescat in pace," was blessed with broad sympathies and good taste, and he also possessed enough native wit to show through the dressing-gown of an adopted manner. Seated at the East window, however, he drew it close around him; when traveling he naturally discarded the encumbrance. A literary Baedeker would mark him with a double star—

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modern but worth while. Mr. Utter, on the other hand, saves part of his work from the state of boredom which only the repetition of a no-longer-popular style can produce less through his modernity than by virtue of his youth. Mr. Utter is still one year shy of fifty, and there is resiliency as well as vigor in his thinking.

Fifty is such a silly season. It is the period when life is so thoroughly a matter of routine that nothing untoward happens. And this absence of accidents is set down by the smug ancients as owing to their accumulated wisdom and mellowed experience. Then out of the fulness of their maturity these mad wags dispense "wise saws and modern instances." Seated in their comfortable studies they seek to forget their commercial, political, or academic occupations by recalling their Elia and their Tusitala. Wrapped in their humorous sadness they ooze out the contemplations "blasted with antiquity," and their style is like the style of a poor relation, a fawning imitation of the patron's manner.

When in his fictitious letters he goes behind the nineteenth-century humorists to an earlier form, Mr. Samuel displays qualities of intelligent apperception and independent speculation. As for the others, "I learned," confesses Mr. Terhune, "that I have unsuspected powers as a bore." Messrs. Schelling and Duffin have not learned that yet, although it is more obvious. When an American bore puts his Touchstone philosophy into print, he is generally dull; when an English one does it, he is stupid.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Tant' Alie

Tant' Alie of Transvaal; Her Diary, 1880-1902. Translated from the Taal by Emily Hobhouse. London: Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 6s.

MEVROUW ALIE BADENHORST, born de Wet, of Mahemsvlei, District Potchefstroom, Transvaal, in the year 1900 found herself alone on her farm with her children and her Kaffir servants, her husband a prisoner of war in the camp at Simonstown, and the future dark and uncertain. On April 21 she got a letter from him, describing the sea and sea-shore landscape, both so new to his inland-bred vision, and telling her of friends, of the camp life, and of his thankfulness that he had not, as yet, been told off to the batches of prisoners being dispatched to St. Helena. He closed his letter, as usual, with affectionate greetings to all his people, "From your husband, who never forgets you." Then for a year she heard no word, good or bad, and as a means of escape from the sorrow and anxiety of her life, she "began to write this book." She went back to her childhood, and put down the story of her life up to the capture of Cronje and the exile of her husband, and then carried the narrative forward until July 3, 1902, when, peace having been made, her husband and the others came home again. "In two steps I was beside him with the cry: 'How old you look, how thin! How are you, how are you?'" And with their farm in black ruin, but with hope renewed in both by the joy of their reunion, they begin again their life, and the story ends.

I say "the story" advisedly; for although the book is virtually a diary, and though she appends by way of epilogue a special affirmation of its absolute truthfulness, Tant' Alie of Transvaal has given us a story as fascinating as any novel, a "human document," as Miss Hobhouse says Olive Schreiner called it, of unusual interest and importance. We live with her through the awful suspense, the needless suffering, the senseless indignities, the physical hardships which the Boer War brought to her and her sisters on the lonely farms and in the unspeakable concentration camps. To Tant' Alie, both her God and her country were fundamental, living realities; her passionate love of both colored and conditioned every hour of her adult life.

But in plain, vigorous phrases she gives us an unvarnished account of war as it appears both to the fighters and to the non-combatants of the invaded country. Sacred as is to her the cause for which her men are fighting, there is no war-glamor in her mind or in her book. "O that my grief," she writes, "were engraved with a pen of iron so that our children's children might know of it."

She went through the long, terrible months with a courage and gaiety and a ready helpfulness for all who had need of it, very remarkable in consideration of her own continuous illness, and the equally continuous tension under which she lived. Always she was keenly alive to and comforted by natural beauty. Her joy in the loveliness of early morning in the veldt is moving. Product of a simpler, less sophisticated age and culture than our own, she read little but her Bible and her hymns; she shared with the rest of her people a childish horror both of the sea and of hospitals; she loved and hated and believed without analysis and without subtlety. But, in reading these pages, we realize the dignity, the mettle, and the greatness of her type and of her race.

Miss Hobhouse, whose beautiful work for the women and children in the concentration camps is not forgotten, has done the world a service by her publication of this book. Her translation reads smoothly, and she has been careful to preserve the simplicity and decision of the original manuscript.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Euphues His English

Last Essays of Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE career of Maurice Hewlett was curious. He began at the apogee. His early romantic novels, "The Forest Lovers," 1898, and "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay," 1900, caught the fancy of the times, and fixed him with precision as a late nineteenth-century euphuist and romantic. Subsequently, Hewlett experienced almost an uninterrupted diminuendo until his death, though he produced a score of books of poetry, fiction, and essays. He ended in unread celebrity with the bitter complaint that he had been immolated for the sins of his youth.

At the beginning of the war Hewlett retired to "Broad Chalke" in the Wiltshire country, and occupied himself with essays and reviews, producing four volumes of fugitive pieces. The fourth now appears as a posthumous collection of "Last Essays."

That Hewlett has had somewhat less than his due, and that he has been esteemed for the wrong things, is true. Yet there is some color for his misjudgment. The character he gave himself in "The Forest Lovers" is apparent in "Last Essays," even after one remarks the lapse of twenty-five years and the difference between a costume novel and a little essay for Mr. J. C. Squire's London *Mercury*. There still lingers about his pages a faint perfume of the nineties. He still wears his erudition like a crimson cloak. And in his style, ever studied, proleptic, elliptical, there is the dexterous and unremitting effort to capture a distinctive and curious manner, calculated, like Pater's, "to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view." Hewlett is capable of the boldest flights of cleverness and *pastiche*. Thereby one measures the distance he falls short of finished artistry.

In "Last Essays" he says a word regarding his French interests, Beaumarchais, Cardinal de Retz, Madame de Maintenon, Pierre de L'Estoile, and La Bruyère. He touches upon the current novel and ballad-origins, daffodils and the instincts of human nature dramatized by young ladies who have babies without husbands.

One catches Mr. Hewlett best, however, in his sophisticated return to origins. Latterly he was interested aesthetically in the English peasant, turning back with Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton to the purview of history and society of a romantic Tory.

"I believe in Poverty, Love, and England," he wrote. And

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again: "I want men to be gentlemen, and women to be modest, I want men to have work and women to have children."

Thus Hewlett engaged in a rear-guard action with the spirit of the times, while his own spirit pensively refreshed itself upon the lineage of the Wiltshire shepherds.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Exploiting Jefferson

The Thomas Jefferson Bible. Edited by Henry E. Jackson. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT is one of the ironies of history that while the theologues and pulpiteers of the land were fulminating against Jefferson for being an atheist, an infidel, and an enemy of Christ, he himself should have been occupied each night poring over the "Gospels" and clipping from them what he considered "the most sublime code of morals which has ever been offered to man." And it is another of those ironies that Jefferson's modest little anthology, to which he himself would not add one word of comment or interpretation, should now be offered to the world doused and almost drowned in unrelieved blather. The so-called Jefferson Bible itself occupies little more than eighty pages, but its editor, Dr. Henry E. Jackson, president of the College for Social Engineers, manages to make of it a volume three hundred and thirty-three pages in length! This he accomplishes partly by inserting in the anthology a passage which he is convinced Jefferson would have included had he known his own mind; partly by presenting the "Bible" in the Weymouth as well as the King James version; and largely by adding a gratuitous and attenuated preface in the best manner of the Chautauqua orator.

Typical of the preface is the passage in which Mr. Jackson laments the character of our heroes, and offers us a brand-new set to worship. Taking the Beatitudes as his measuring rod, but first changing one of the verses beyond recognition, adding another of his very own coining, and then labeling them all to suit his taste, he selects the ten worthies whom he considers the most conspicuous embodiments of the virtues described. Here they are in beatific order: Mental hospitality—Abraham Lincoln; internal resources—Francis of Assisi; self-control—Moses; healthy dissatisfaction—Socrates; intelligent sympathy—King Alfred; respect for persons—William Penn; capacity for cooperation—Confucius; public-mindedness—Joseph Mazzini; passion for justice—John Bright; duty of happiness—Robert L. Stevenson!

To speak with restraint, it is deplorable that what Jefferson affectionately called his "wee little book . . . which I call the 'Philosophy of Jesus'," should have been so unhappily exploited. It deserved better at the hands of posterity.

LEWIS BROWNE

Before Sudermann Found Himself

Das Bilderbuch Meiner Jugend. Von Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart and Berlin: Cotta.

NONE of us who defied the Solomons of criticism and quaffed long ago the heady mixed wine of "Die Ehre" and "Heimat"—alas, how soon those glorious concoctions lost their "kick"!—has ever outgrown, surely, a feeling of gratitude to the genius who stirred a little audacious naturalism into a pitcher of sticky melodrama and made the stuff fizz and snap and tingle till we almost imagined we were getting something new. And "Frau Sorge," too, had a certain fragrance of dreariness which no one had put into fiction before. Neither the playwright Sudermann nor the novelist Sudermann fulfilled the promise of his first work; but the first work was too good to allow us to forget him. He has published an overconscious record of his life to his first regular occupation—the editing (and nearly all the writing) of a small liberal weekly with a rural circulation. These "Confessions" are as frank as Rousseau's—just how frank that is, we are not quite able to measure, since men have been known to confess to weak and ugly actions which they never committed. It might have been foreseen that the son of a man who wept because he burned a hole in his Sunday trousers, and of a woman who put her boy through school and the university by peddling milk, would develop a uniquely racy mingling of cowardice and courage, of romantic yearning and hustling enterprise. Sudermann sowed wild oats by the bushel, loafed, whined, and blundered for a long time before he came into his own. We should feel better satisfied if we could hear the other side of his quarrels with various aunts, cousins, and others; and in general there is a hardness about the book, be it confession, defense, vituperation, or the more objective passages, which is annoying. But nearly every page is alive. We have known something about some of these matters from various novels, and we are glad to have them all together here. There is a hint of a continuation, which is interesting.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

A Perfect Day. By Bohun Lynch. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Not in a very long time have we met anyone as insolently happy as Mr. Lynch. He is in perfect health; he is a summer guest in a luxurious country house so perfectly managed that the servants read his thoughts down to the point of presenting a tankard of beer at the very moment he desires it; he has just been left a legacy; his beloved wife is on the point of returning from a long journey, and he is preparing to present her, as a surprise, with the house they have long dreamed of. Since in "A Perfect Day" there can be no conflict but only a crescendo of contentment, the book is something of a *tour de force.* It is, however, quite a successful one because Mr. Lynch is too acutely conscious of the unusual character of his good fortune to write a "glad book" and because there is enough cynicism in his determination to accept his happiness without worrying about those who have less to keep him from being, like the professional optimist, depressing.

Government of the West Indies. By Hume Wrong. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $3.50.

A concise outline of the constitutional and governmental systems of the British colonies of the Caribbean that is of especial value at this moment when our own islands in that region are clamoring for more democracy and a greater amount of self-determination. The author, who is assistant professor of modern history in the University of Toronto, notes that there is a high degree of particularism in the British West Indies, and he thinks that geographical and social differences make political federation a still remote possibility.

Fenceless Meadows. By Bill Adams. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

The Middle Passage. By Daniel Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Bill Adams left the sea more than twenty years ago, he tells us, physically incapacitated for living there any longer. But he is still tramping the deck in spirit, and in this volume of short stories he has set down some authentic records of sea life, especially of the old sailing-ship days into which his personal experiences reach back. Sometimes too sentimental and sometimes too melodramatic, Bill Adams is nevertheless closer to reality and better worth reading than the author of "The Middle Passage." The latter seems to know the sea too, but he has intruded into some good pages of sea adventure in the golden age of the clipper ships a love episode of only moderate interest.

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International Relations Section

Get Rich Quick in Poland

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Warsaw, May

HOW long the swollen borders of Poland will continue, and how soon they will be dissolved by another war, is a matter on which the financiers of the Entente appear quite cold-bloodedly to be gambling. Neither business men, peasants, nor politicians count on permanence, but are rather attempting to make hay while the sun shines by exploiting the territory to the limit. The chivalrous and patriotic Poles, led easily on to desire a bigger, brighter Poland, are beginning to find that they are pulling the chestnuts out for their flattering friends in France, with rather more danger of burned fingers than they yet appreciate.

The recent Italian loan of 400 million lire, for instance, is for ten years, which appears to be the limit of the time chance which foreign financiers wish to take. It bears 10 per cent. It is accompanied by the condition that Poland must purchase 40 per cent of all her tobacco, which she sells through a state monopoly, from two specified Italian firms. It is common comment in Warsaw that these firms will make in four or five years out of Poland a profit amounting to more than the entire loan, which will thus be repaid three times or more during the ten years.

The natural comment of an arriving American on this transaction is that these two favored firms must stand well with Mussolini, if the power of the Italian banks is thus used to enrich them; but such a comment meets only a blank stare in Warsaw, for they are completely accustomed to similar deals with all the Entente nations. These nations are not treating Poland as a colony, since for a colony one assumes some responsibility; but rather as a temporary field for exploitation, which need not be either preserved or built up. France, which profits most, has large concessions in the oil-fields of Galicia and is exploiting them in a method designed to take out as much in as little time as possible, without building up any permanent industry in a territory which may sooner or later cease to be Polish, and hence pass from her control. While the Polish Government is anxious to have new borings made and refineries built, France insists on exporting the oil in a crude state and building up refineries in France instead of Poland. With ten thousand workers employed in extracting oil, barely sixteen hundred are employed in any work of refining, where over thirty thousand might profitably be working if Poland refined her own oil. France even succeeds in obtaining preferential treatment over Polish citizens, in that she is allowed to export oil duty free, while Polish companies must pay for export customs.

All countries in Eastern and Central Europe have adopted the fashion of high or even prohibitive customs on luxuries, in order to keep their money in the country and prevent the fall in the currency. But a special convention between France and Poland compels Poland to accept all the French wines, silks, and perfumes that may be sent her, charging no more than pre-war duties. Only French wine may be imported into Poland; the Polish Jews now growing grapes in their vineyards in Palestine can send none home to their folks. France demands and secures a tariff 40 per cent lower than Germany has, so that German firms, shipping to Poland, often send via France to save duty.

England's special province is the great forest country of East Poland. Here lies the Bieloviezhe, the special hunting preserve of the former Czar, one of the oldest and most famous forests in Europe—thousands of square miles of primeval timber, on the borders of Russia and Poland. The inhabitants around are White Russian, but the territory was given to Poland by recent treaties. It is cheerfully stated in Warsaw that England consented to this extension of Poland's borders for the sake of getting the forests on cheaper terms than she could hope from Russia. Aurochs (European bison) and wild boar and wolves by thousands are still raised on this preserve of the old Czar; but the stand of timber is being ruthlessly cut in the reckless way we have known in American woods, without the replanting and careful cutting that are Europe's traditions. Small Polish capitalists made the first profits from it. They obtained rights to cut government timber in return for giving half the cutting to the state. This right applied only to special areas planned by experts for the purpose of improving the forests with rights of way and by the removal of dead areas. But wholesale bribery of local inspectors enabled the lumbermen to bring out the best timber recklessly. With a sinking Polish mark which made their freight bills and wage rolls practically nothing, they bore the wood out to Danzig and loaded it on ships for England. One typical lumberman, as described by a friend, had "in 1916 only his ten fingers" and now has six million dollars.

From the beginning Englishmen were prominent sharers in these stock companies, though at first they had to be organized as Polish corporations. But the present stabilizing of the mark, with consequent stable freight rates and wages, together with the rising cost of bribes, has frozen out the smaller Polish firms. Hence comes a big concession to England, arranged only a few weeks ago and giving to a big English company the rights to the greater part of these thousands of miles of forest.

The Poles have rather courted this situation, though it does not now entirely please them; and Polish capitalists are taking advantage of it on much the same kind of temporary basis of quick returns. Since the Great War, one slice of territory after another has been added to Poland with the consent of the Entente, mainly for the purpose of injuring Germany or Russia, but occasionally for mere lack of concerted will to oppose some new annexation by the Poles. So at present from 35 to 40 per cent of both the territory and population of Poland is not only non-Polish, but distinctly anti-Polish. All the fringes of the country are inhabited by annexed and none-too-willing citizens, who maintain a placid belief that the next turn of the wheel will hand them to some other nation.

I overheard three or four White Russian peasants, in the stables of a Polish landowner, discussing a regulation which had obliged one of them to sign himself as a Pole. "But we are not Poles; we are White Russians," said one emphatically. "Since the land is now Polish, we also are Poles," said the other. "It does not matter to be Poles for a while. When Russia comes back, we will be Russians again."

Such is the general expectation in Eastern Poland. The Polish Government tries to counteract it by dividing up the estates of old Russian landowners, and establishing colonies

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of Polish soldiers "to stiffen the frontier." But the territory is too vast to be thus stiffened. It comprises perhaps one-fourth of Poland, throughout which the young men drafted to the army must first learn the Polish language in order to understand the commands.

But, meantime, fortunes are being made! In Upper Silesia the old German state mines, seized by the Polish Government, were organized into a private stock company, with French capital owning half the stock and the Polish state the other half. Korfanty, that famous patriot leader of the guerrilla attacks on German towns which were finally successful in taking Upper Silesia from Germany against the will of its inhabitants—Korfanty now represents the Polish state in the big coal trust and has become one of the richest men in Poland.

A scandal like our own Teapot Dome is starting in the Polish Senate, where they are investigating Kukharski, formerly a minister of commerce and industry, and before that of finance, who lent two million Swiss francs of state funds to a Polish-French stock company, which obtained from the Government a confiscated Russian textile firm of world renown. Later, Kukharski allowed the loan to be repaid in Polish marks, which had depreciated to ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Still later, he was discovered to be financially interested in the company himself.

Oil, timber, and coal are going out of the land, in ways which build up no enduring industry but rather rob the territory. There are a few Poles who see this, but the majority are still dazzled by the dreams of Polish greatness by the aid of the Entente and with the friendship of France. But if, ten years or so from now, Russia or Germany or both begin to reach out for lands which are still theirs by population and desire, it will probably matter very little by that time to the business groups in the lands of the Entente. They are taking the high profits that go with risk; they are basing their plans on uncertainty and getting while the getting is good.

A Letter by Matteotti

THE causes of the assassination of the Italian Socialist Deputy, G. Matteotti, were described in an article by James Fuchs in *The Nation* for July 30. His careful inquiry into the financial corruption of the Fascist regime as well as its electoral intrigue and terrorism, and his readiness to publish his findings, directly brought about his death. It is interesting to reproduce in this connection a letter by Signor Matteotti himself, printed in the London *Statist* for June 7, giving some of the slain Deputy's opinions and facts:

In the *Statist* for April 26, 1924, some data are given in regard to Italian finances; but these data the Italian Government has published in order to give an optimistic impression, and unfortunately they are insufficient for an exact estimate, and they cannot survive criticism.

It is said that the deficit of the budget in the financial year 1921-1922 amounted to about 7,000 millions in Italian lire, while the deficit in the first year of Fascist Government (1922-1923) is said to be only 3,000 million.

As a matter of fact, the deficit for the year 1921-1922 was really 15,760 million, but more than 12,500 million referred to extraordinary war expenditure and to the purchase of provisions (Chapter 64/71 for the Italian army, 95/96 for the navy, 164/240 for the Treasury), the payment and accounting for which had been delayed until 1922. Excluding these expenses, the real deficit for the year 1921-1922 must be calculated at no more than 3,255 million. Between this deficit and that of the Fascist year (in which all war expenses have ceased) there is a difference of only 214 millions, that is to say a very small improvement.

It is true that the estimates for 1922-1923 had been for a deficit of 4,000 million, but the improvement to 3,000 million was the result of the simple fact that the revenue of the "douane" had been estimated erroneously as 250 millions instead of 1,208 millions, to which this revenue really proved to amount. This was merely an error and indicates no improvement, because in the year 1921-1922 the same revenue was 1,059 millions as compared with an estimate, equally erroneous, of 151 millions.

It is perfectly true that "all the usual statistical indices of the conditions of the country indicate a constant progress in Italy"; but that has nothing whatever to do with Fascism, for it is merely the result of a development which began several years before the Fascist regime. When, for instance, it is said that the Government of Mussolini has diminished expenditure, that is not true. The expenditure for the year 1921-1922 was 24,851 millions, as compared with 21,000 million and 20,000 million in the years 1922-1923 and 1923-1924; but the first of these years included, as we have already said, some exceptional war expenditure. The number of the Ministries has been reduced, but not the expenditure.

The number of employees in the military and civil service has been reduced from 115,000 to 110,000 (excluding the employees of the railways); that is to say in a proportion almost equal to that of the last year of the *ancien régime;* the expenditure, however, has increased by more than 100 millions of lire; and in the Department of Signor Mussolini (Foreign and Home Office) the number of the employees has increased by more than 1,000. Only in the Railway Department has there been a great reduction of the employees engaged during and immediately after the war; but the chief aim of this reduction was to get rid of the employees who were not Fascists. Indeed, in the first year of Fascist administration more than 16,000 railway employees were engaged on a permanent basis to take the place of the temporary workers sent away for the sake of "economy."

The deficit in the railway budget has really been reduced from 1,258 millions (in the year 1921-1922) to 906 millions (1922-1923), but it is necessary to add that, if the cost of coal had been as high as it was during the Government of Signor Giolitti, the railway deficit of the Fascists would have reached the highest sum ever reached before, that is, more than 1,400 millions.

The only great financial "reform" of the Fascist Government is the suppression of the inheritance tax; and we consider this a grave error. If the number of citizens who pay income tax is increased, that is no particular merit of the Fascist Government, but merely the continuance of a tendency, observed also in the year before, when the number of the income-tax payers increased by more than 50,000. The Fascist "merit" consists only in having included in the tax-roll even the lowest paid workmen of public administrations, whose wages were reduced by 5 and 10 per cent.

In conclusion we may say that the financial conditions of Italy are improving continually, but not in consequence of any reduction of expenditure effected by the Fascist Government. The improvement is really due to the fiscal measures of the preceding governments, which increased the income from taxes from 2,050 millions in 1913-1914 to 7,400 in 1919-1920, and to 12,700 in 1921-1922. This sum has not been increased in the first year of the Fascist era, 1922-1923. It is certain, however, that the weight of these taxes (that certainly will give Italy a budget without deficit in a few years) is really very heavy considering the economic condition of the country. . . . The cost of living is still rising, while wages are diminished by about 15 to 20 per cent. . . .

G. MATTEOTTI

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